

TOMB OF
DRACULA

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

"THE MOST FRIGHTENING NOVEL EVER WRITTEN. SURE TO BE A CLASSIC!"
--THE DAILY BUGLE

DRACULA

HAROLD H. HAROLD

by HAROLD H. HAROLD



Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not* die. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

THE BEST TIME FOR WRITING IS AT NIGHT WHEN THE DRUMMING SOUNDS OF THE BUSINESS DAY HAVE SUBSIDED, WHEN THE ANNOYING BLARING OF CAR HORNS HAS CEASED, AND WHEN THE SCREECHING CRIES OF CHILDREN HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY THE MUFFLED NOISE OF DISTANT TELEVISIONS.

ALL RIGHT, HANDSOME. THE TIME FOR **PROCRASTIN-ATION** IS OVER, AND SO BEGINS MY NOVEL.

THE VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY!

GLAK
KLITTY
GLAK

ADAPTATION by:
Mary Wolfman / Gene Colan & Tom Palmer / J. Costanza / Michele W.
writer & editor / artists / letterer / colorist

WHICH MEANS I'VE GOTTA PUT
IN A FEW *ALL-NIGHTERS* AND
KNOCK OUT THIS LITERARY
MASTERPIECE.

I HAVE A NOVEL TO HACK OUT, AND I NEED SILENCE TO CREATE.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SEE NOW. "THE VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY" BY HAROLD H. HAROLD. YEAH, DEFINITELY A GOOD TITLE.

It was a dark

and stormy night...

...THE KIND OF NIGHT THAT MAKES EVEN A BRAVE MAN SHIVER IN HIS BOOTS. JAGGED BOLTS OF GOLDEN LIGHTNING FELL LIKE WILD PITCHFORKS ON THE BARREN PLAIN CIRCLING HELLION HOUSE. AND IF YOU REALLY STRAINED YOURSELF, YOU COULD HEAR THE SHUTTERS OF THAT OLD MANSE CRINKLING AGAINST THE STORM.

"IN THE DISTANCE, THE WIND CRIED OUT AGAINST THE COLD, DARK NIGHT. CLOSER, YOU COULD HEAR THE STACCATO RHYTHM OF RAIN BEATING AN ENDLESS TATTOO AGAINST THE FRAGILE GLASS WINDOWS.

EE EE EEEEE

"THAT'S THE KIND OF NIGHT IT WAS--

"...UNTIL THE SCREAM BROKE
THE CONCERT OF NATURE'S
RAINSWEPT ORCHESTRA."

HELP ME,
SOMEONE
PLEASE
HELP ME!
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE--
HELP!

EE EFAAK

"HER NAME WAS AURORA, AND SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE ~~IMAGE~~ HER NAME CONJURED. ONLY SHE DIDN'T FEEL VERY PRETTY JUST THEN."

GET AWAY FROM
ME, FIEND. I
REJECT YOU!
YOU HEAR THAT?

THIS IS MY
HOUSE, AND
I WON'T
LET YOU
SCARE
ME FROM IT!

WH-WHAT? THERE'S NO
HEAD INSIDE THIS ARMOR?

OH NO! WH-WHAT
DOES IT MEAN? GOD,
WHAT DOES IT ALL
MEAN?

IT MEANS
THAT LIFE AS YOU
KNOW IT, MY RAVISH-
ING YOUNG
MISTRESS, WILL
SOON COME TO AN
END FOR YOU. BUT
YOU CAN FIGHT
IT IF YOU COME TO
ME, LET ME CA-
RESS YOUR SOFT,
SUPPLE FLESH.



"THE FIRST TO ANSWER AURORA'S CRY WAS MY ASSISTANT, FRANK. A NICE ENOUGH CHAP, THOUGH I MUST ADMIT, NOT QUITE THE BRIGHTEST YOUNG MAN I HAVE KNOWN."

MISS AURORA?
MISS AURORA?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I-I HEARD YOU SCREAMING.

IT WAS AFTER
ME AGAIN,
FRANK.

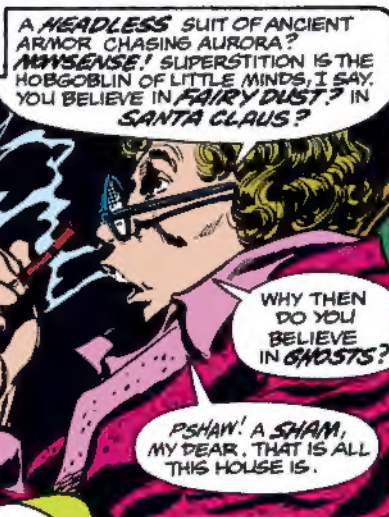
I TELL YOU, THIS
BLASPHEMOUS
HOUSE WANTS TO
KILL ME!



WH-WHAT SHOULD
WE DO?

I THINK WE
SHOULD LEAVE,
FRANK. RIGHT
NOW, WITH-
OUT EVEN
PACKING.

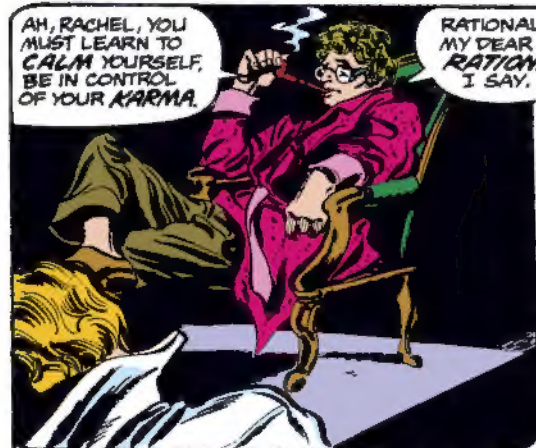
I'M SCARED.
FOR YOU, FOR
ME-- FOR POOR
AURORA.



A HEADLESS SUIT OF ANCIENT
ARMOR CHASING AURORA?
NONSENSE! SUPERSTITION IS THE
HOBGOBLIN OF LITTLE MINDS, I SAY.
YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRY DUST? IN
SANTA CLAUS?

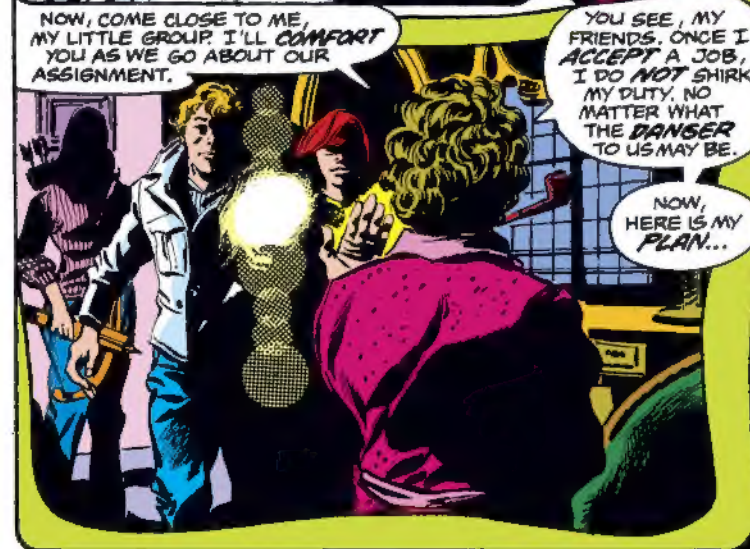
WHY THEN
DO YOU
BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS?

PSHAH! A SHAM,
MY DEAR. THAT IS ALL
THIS HOUSE IS.



AH, RACHEL, YOU
MUST LEARN TO
CALM YOURSELF,
BE IN CONTROL
OF YOUR KARMA.

RATIONALITY,
MY DEAR. BE
RATIONAL,
I SAY.



NOW, COME CLOSE TO ME,
MY LITTLE GROUP. I'LL COMFORT
YOU AS WE GO ABOUT OUR
ASSIGNMENT.

YOU SEE, MY
FRIENDS. ONCE I
ACCEPT A JOB,
I DO NOT SHIRK
MY DUTY. NO
MATTER WHAT
THE DANGER
TO US MAY BE.

NOW,
HERE IS MY
PLAN...



GEE, I HOPE MY FRIENDS
DON'T MIND ME USING
THEIR NAMES IN MY BOOK.

I WOULDN'T
WANT THEM
GETTING
ANGRY OR
ANYTHING.

OH, MAYBE
IF I DON'T
TELL THEM
ABOUT IT...

BEFORE WE CONTINUE OUR INVESTIGATIONS, I SUGGEST YOU AGAIN HEAR THE HISTORY OF HELLION HOUSE.

OH, HAROLD. YOU'RE SO STRAIGHTS... A COMFORT TO US ALL.

YES, I GUESS I AM. NOW, AURORA, PLEASE HEAR ME OUT.

"OUTSIDE, THE THUNDER CRASHED LIKE CRAZED CYMBALS; GOD, A FRENZIED BERNSTEIN CONDUCTING THE PHILHARMONIC DOWNPOUR. I BEGAN THE STORY OF HELLION HOUSE, A TALE WHICH STARTED ALMOST TWO HUNDRED YEARS PAST.



"THE SOUNDS OF WILD CHANTING FILLED THE MANSION THEN, A SOUND WHICH ALMOST RIVALLED NATURE'S MAD MUSIC.

"FOR Huddled within, robed figures clustered together, their blood churning, their hearts pounding, their thoughts locked in the ritual: "

SATAN... DARK LORD SATAN! ... SATAN... LORD

BEELZEBUTH, LUCIFER, MADILONT, SOLYMO, SARDY, AMECLO, SEGREAL, PRAREDUN, ADRICANDROM! COME, BEELZEBUTH! COME!



"BUT ALL PLANS WERE LOST."

YOU'RE THE SWINE WHO KIDNAPED MY DAUGHTER! YOU INTENDED TO SACRIFICE HER.



WELL, I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THAT, YOU DAMNABLE PIGS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!



"HIS GUN SCREAMED DEATH, AND THE ROOM RAN RED. BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY, AND THEY QUICKLY OVERWHELMED HIM."



AND THAT, FRIENDS, WAS THE **FIRST** TOUCH OF MADNESS ASSOCIATED WITH THIS HOUSE.

BUT THERE WAS **MORE...** MUCH MORE, HEAR ME AND LEARN HOW LEGENDS GROW, AND SUPERSTITIONS SPREAD.

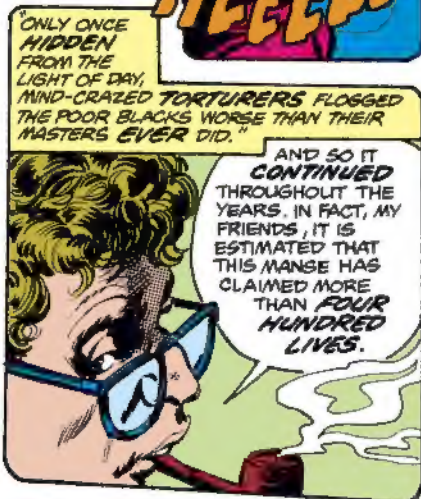


"THREE YEARS AFTER THE SATAN CULT WAS DESTROYED, THE YOUNG, FANCIFUL MISS ANJENETTE TABORI MOVED INTO THE MANSE. A COMELY WOMAN, SHE LIVED ALONE.

"ONLY ON ONE DARK NIGHT, SHE FOUND SHE HAD A VISITOR. AND HIS NAME WAS DEATH."



"SIXTY YEARS LATER, THE CURSE OF HELLION HOUSE RAISED ITS GRISTLED HAND AGAIN, WHEN IT WAS USED AS A MEETING POINT FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO HIDE RUNAWAY SLAVES FROM THEIR SOUTHERN MASTERS."



ONLY ONCE HIDDEN FROM THE LIGHT OF DAY, MIND-CRAZED TORTURERS FLOGGED THE POOR BLACKS WORSE THAN THEIR MASTERS EVER DID."

AND SO IT CONTINUED THROUGHOUT THE YEARS. IN FACT, MY FRIENDS, IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THIS MANSE HAS CLAIMED MORE THAN **FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.**



AND NOW, AS YOU KNOW, THE LOVELY MISS ALIORA HAS HIRED US TO **PROTECT HER.**

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD CONTINUE THE STORY, MY DEAR?



ARE YOU **SURE?** I-I'M SUCH A **POOR** SPEAKER. AND YOU SPEAK SO WELL.



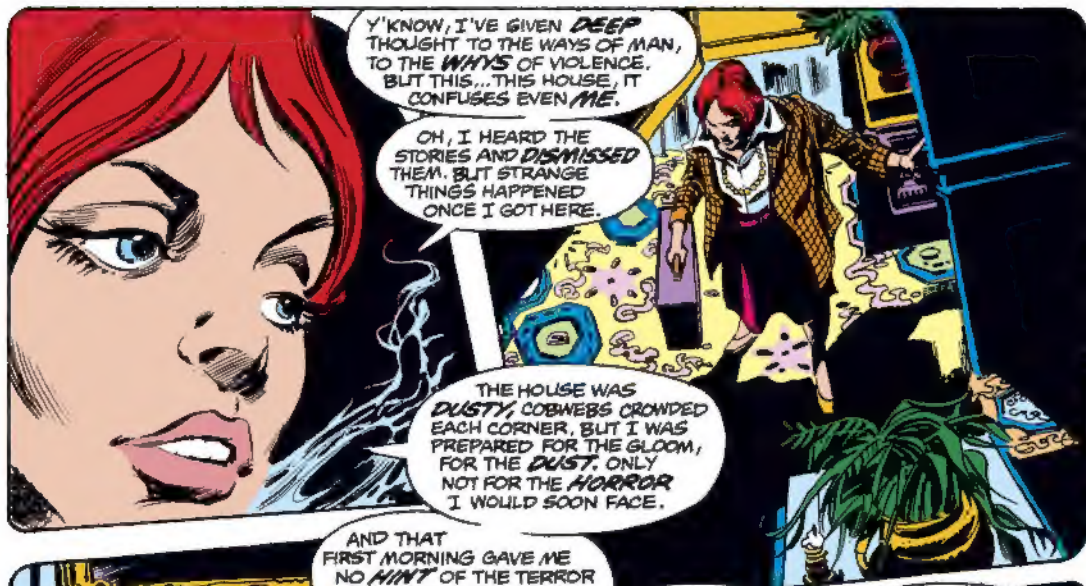
FISH FOSH, MY DEAR. JUST TELL THE **TRUTH** AS YOU KNOW IT.

OH, I **WILL**, HAROLD. I SWEAR I **WILL.**



I-I WAS JUST A MERE **COLLEGE** STUDENT, MAJORING IN METAPHYSICS, PSYCHOLOGY, YOU KNOW, DEEP INTO THOUGHT, CONCEPT AND SUCH.

AND THEN, LATE IN MY **JUNIOR** SEMESTER, I **INHERITED** THIS MANSION FROM MY LATE UNCLE CYRUS.



Y'KNOW, I'VE GIVEN **DEEP** THOUGHT TO THE WAYS OF MAN, TO THE **WAYS** OF VIOLENCE. BUT THIS... THIS HOUSE, IT CONFUSES EVEN **ME**.

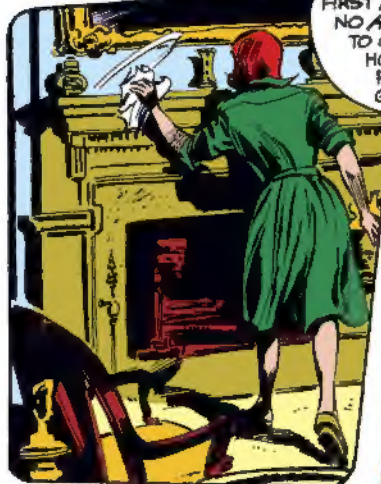
OH, I HEARD THE STORIES AND **DISMISSED** THEM. BUT STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED ONCE I GOT HERE.

THE HOUSE WAS **DUSTY**, COBWEBS CROWDED EACH CORNER, BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR THE GLOOM, FOR THE **DUST**. ONLY NOT FOR THE **HORROR** I WOULD SOON FACE.

AND THAT FIRST MORNING GAVE ME NO **HINT** OF THE TERROR TO COME. I SPENT THE HOURS DUSTING THE PLACE, TIDYING IT UP, GETTING IT **READY**.

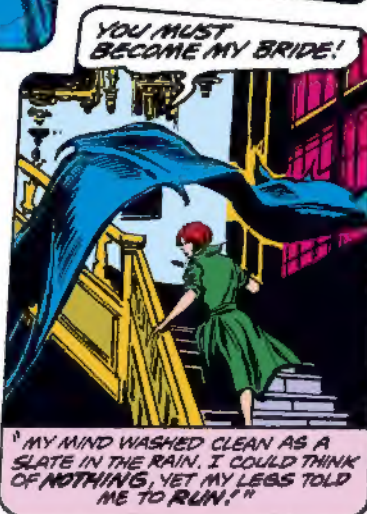
AND THAT'S WHEN I NOTICED, ABOVE THE FIREPLACE-- THE **PAINTING**. IT WAS OF A MAN... A **FRIGHTFUL** MAN.

AND I GASPED IN FEAR AS ITS EYES MET **MINE**...



... AND IT **LUNGED** FROM THE PAINTING AT ME!

YOU HAVE INVADED THE HOUSE OF DRACULA, HUMAN FEMALE. AND FOR THAT, YOU MUST PAY THE **ULTIMATE** PENALTY.



YOU MUST BECOME MY BRIDE!

"MY MIND WASHED CLEAN AS A SLATE IN THE RAIN. I COULD THINK OF NOTHING, YET MY LEGS TOLD ME TO RUN!"



HEART PUMPING, I HID IN MY ROOM AND CLUTCHED THE **CROSS AND BIBLE** TO MY HEART. AND THEN I **CALLED** YOU, HAROLD.

I REMEMBERED **READING** ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS. I REALIZED YOU WERE MY **ONLY** HOPE.



GOSH, YOU WERE **BRAVE** STAYING HERE, AURORA. I'D'VE **RUN** HOME THE FIRST TIME THAT THING CAME AT ME.



BOSS, THIS CASE SOUNDS **NUTTY** TO ME. YOU REALLY THINK WE SHOULD **GO** WITH IT?

NO NEED TO WORRY, FRANK. NOT WHILE **I'M** HERE.



GOSH, I **NEVER** WORRY WHEN YOU'RE AROUND, BOSS.



AH, MY DEAR, I HAD NO IDEA YOU WOULD CALL MY **ARCH** FOES HERE.

TWICE BEFORE THE "HAROLD SUPERNATURAL SLAYERS" HAVE ALMOST KILLED ME.



BUT I **SWEAR** THEY'LL NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE.

IT'S **DRACULA**, JUST AS I DEDUCED.



MASTER, THEY'VE COME AFTER ME. THEY'VE **CHASED** ME INTO THIS MANSION.

SHUT THE DOOR, VAMPIRE. THE LIGHT BOTHERS MY EYES.

"DARK EBONY SHADOWS, BLACK AS THE THICKEST COAL, HID THE SHAPE THAT CROUCHED LOW IN HELLION HOUSE, BUT EVEN THROUGH THE SHADOWS, TWO PIERCING EYES BLOOMED **DANGEROUSLY** IN THE VAMPIRE'S DIRECTION."



I **EXPECTED** THOSE FOOLS TO COME HERE, DRACULA, WHICH IS WHY I **ORDERED** YOU TO BE SO OBVIOUS IN YOUR ATTACK ON AURORA.

"THE THING'S VOICE WAS A SOFT GUTTERAL **GROWL**. IT'S SOFTNESS BELYING ITS EVIL NATURE."



YOU *KNEW* THEY'D
COME HERE, MASTER?



DO I NOT KNOW *EVERYTHING*
THAT EVER WAS, DRACULA? AM
I NOT AWARE OF ALL THAT
WILL BE?

AM I NOT SATAN
INCARNATE?

I *LURED* THOSE
FOOLS HERE THAT YOU
MAY *SLAY* THEM. YOU
WILL ENJOY THEIR
BLOOD...

...WHILE I
NOURISH
ON THEIR
SOULS.



THAT NEW LIFE -
FORCE WILL KEEP ME
ALIVE FOR *ANOTHER*
CENTURY. AS *ALL* THE LIVES
I'VE TAKEN IN THIS MANSION
HAVE KEPT ME ALIVE
TILL NOW.



YOU *ALWAYS* DEMAND
THAT I KILL FOR YOU,
MASTER. WILL I *NEVER*
BE FREE?



CRETIN! DOLT! SINCE EVE FIRST
LED ADAM ASTRAY, SINCE CAIN
FIRST MURDERED ABEL, I
HAVE LIVED ON THE GREED AND
VIOLENCE THAT THRIVES IN THE
HEARTS
OF MAN.

YOU ARE A MERE VAMPIRE, YOU
ARE *DISPOSABLE*. YOU FOLLOW
MY ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION,
AND I GRANT YOU LIFE. I SUPPLY
YOU *BLOOD*.

YOU *RESIST* ME, AND
YOU DIE.



THAT IS YOUR *ONLY*
CHOICE, VAMPIRE.
DECIDE YOUR COURSE
NOW!

YOU ARE MY
MASTER. I
HAVE *NO*
OTHER CHOICE
TO MAKE.

VERY GOOD,
WEAK-KNEED
FOOL. YOU
HAVE REALIZED
YOUR
MORTALITY.



I MADE YOU
LORD OVER ALL
VAMPIRES. I
CAN TAKE
AWAY THAT
HONOR



AND I PAY THE PRICE
BY REMAINING
HERE AND FEEDING
YOU SOULS.

PERHAPS YOU
WOULD PREFER
I TASTE
YOURS?



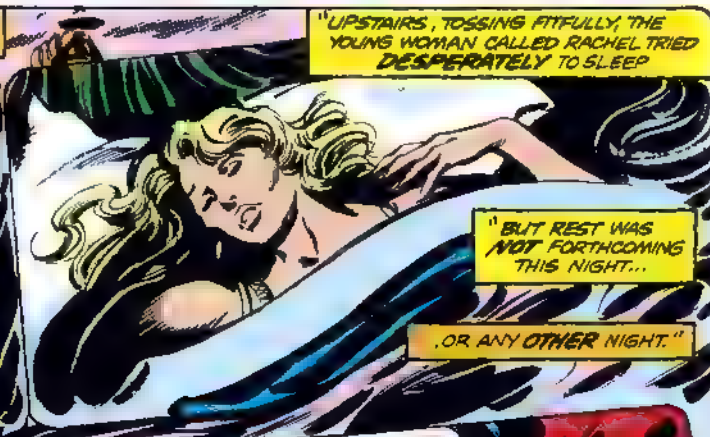
NO! NO!
I-I'LL DO
YOUR
BIDDING.

"AND FIND A WAY TO SLAY YOU
SOME OTHER TIME."



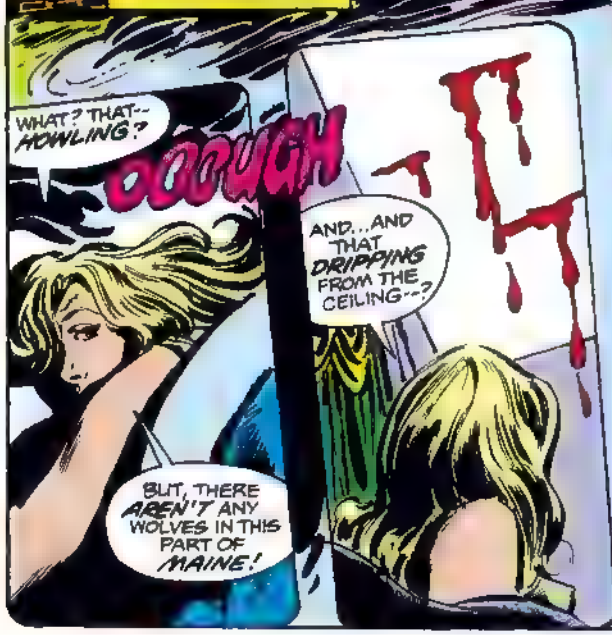
"AT LONG LAST THE
RAIN HAD STOPPED, THE
STORM WAS OVER,
FOR NOW AT LEAST,
BUT NATURE WOULD
TAKE A BACK SEAT
TO THE VIOLENCE
WHICH WAS ABOUT
TO BE UNLEASHED.

"UPSTAIRS, TOSSING FITFULLY, THE
YOUNG WOMAN CALLED RACHEL TRIED
DESPERATELY TO SLEEP



"BUT REST WAS
NOT FORTHCOMING
THIS NIGHT..."

"...OR ANY OTHER NIGHT."



WHAT? THAT--
HOWLING?

OOOOWH

AND...AND
THAT
DRIPPING
FROM THE
CEILING--?

BUT, THERE
AREN'T ANY
WOLVES IN THIS
PART OF
MAINE!



OH NO! OH MY
DEAR LORD!

I-I'VE
GOT TO GET
OUT OF
HERE,
SOMEHOW!
HAROLD!
HAROLD,
PLEASE
HELP ME!

"BUT, I WAS SOUND ASLEEP, AS IS MY
WAY, AND SADLY, DID NOT HEAR HER
PAINFUL PLEA FOR ASSISTANCE."



OH, MY DEAR GOD-- I'M GOING TO **DROWN!**

HAROLD! HAROLD!

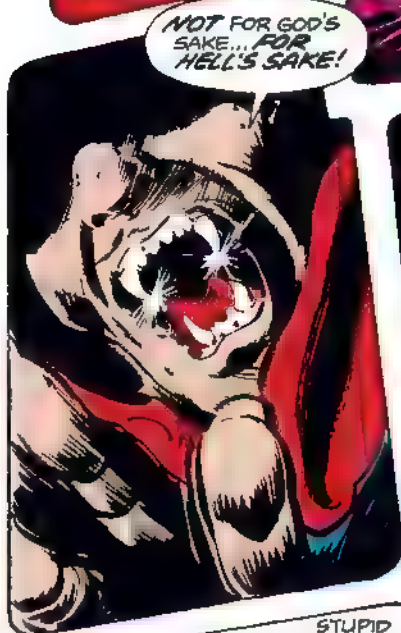


I ALWAYS LOVED YOU HAROLD!



YOU CAN STILL CLAIM HIS KISSES, WOMAN. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REACH OUT-- TAKE MY HAND!

WHAT IS YOUR WISH, WOMAN? DEATH-- OR ETERNAL UNLIFE?!

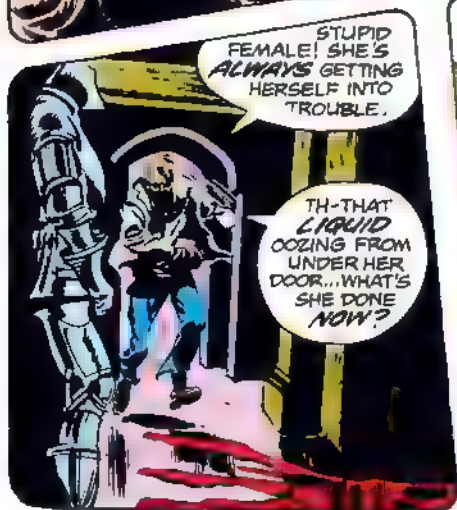


NOT FOR GOD'S SAKE... FOR HELL'S SAKE!



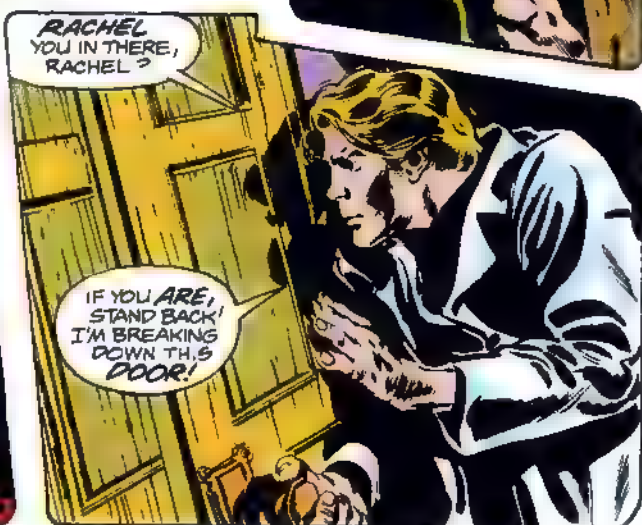
TAKE IT-- TAKE IT FOR GOD'S SAKE. SAVE ME!

HUHH? WAS THAT RACHEL SCREAMING?



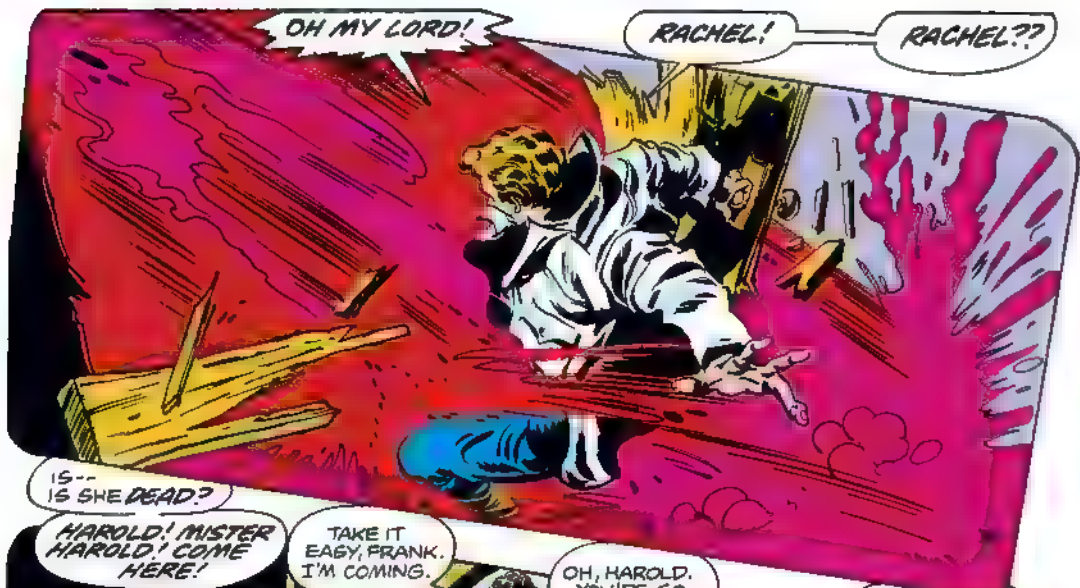
STUPID FEMALE! SHE'S ALWAYS GETTING HERSELF INTO TROUBLE.

TH-THAT LIQUID OOOZING FROM UNDER HER DOOR... WHAT'S SHE DONE NOW?



RACHEL YOU IN THERE, RACHEL?

IF YOU ARE, STAND BACK! I'M BREAKING DOWN THIS DOOR!



OH MY LORD!

RACHEL!

RACHEL??

IS--
IS SHE DEAD?

HAROLD! MISTER
HAROLD! COME
HERE!

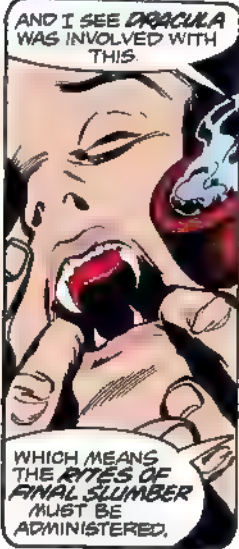
TAKE IT
EASY, FRANK.
I'M COMING.

OH, HAROLD.
YOU'RE SO
COMMAND-
ING.

SIR IS SHE--?



DEAD?
YES I
BELIEVE
SO, POOR
GIRL.



AND I SEE DRACULA
WAS INVOLVED WITH
THIS

WHICH MEANS
THE RITES OF
FINAL SLUMBER
MUST BE
ADMINISTERED.



OH, HAROLD, THIS
IS HORRIBLE!

EASY, MY DEAR,
PLEASE GO BACK
TO OUR ROOM.
I'LL RETURN
AS SOON AS
I CAN.



AS FOR
YOU, FRANK
PLEASE
GET ME--
THE
STAKE!

WHAT?



I SAID GET ME THE STAKE,
MAN. RACHEL'S BEEN BLAS-
PHEMED!

AND IT IS UP
TO US TO
RELIEVE
THE AGONY
IN HER
SOUL
BEFORE
IT IS TOO
LATE.

C'MON,
MAN--
MOVE IT!



DEAR RACHEL, YOU WERE A **GOOD**, HONEST WOMAN. A DECENT **SECRETARY**. MUCH TOO NICE TO DIE THIS WAY.



BUT I **KNOW** YOU WOULD NOT WANT IT ANY **OTHER** WAY. FAREWELL, OLD GIRL. REST IN **PEACE**.



DAMN! CAN'T YOU DO **ANYTHING** RIGHT, DRACULA?

THEY'VE SLAIN THE **CONVERT**.

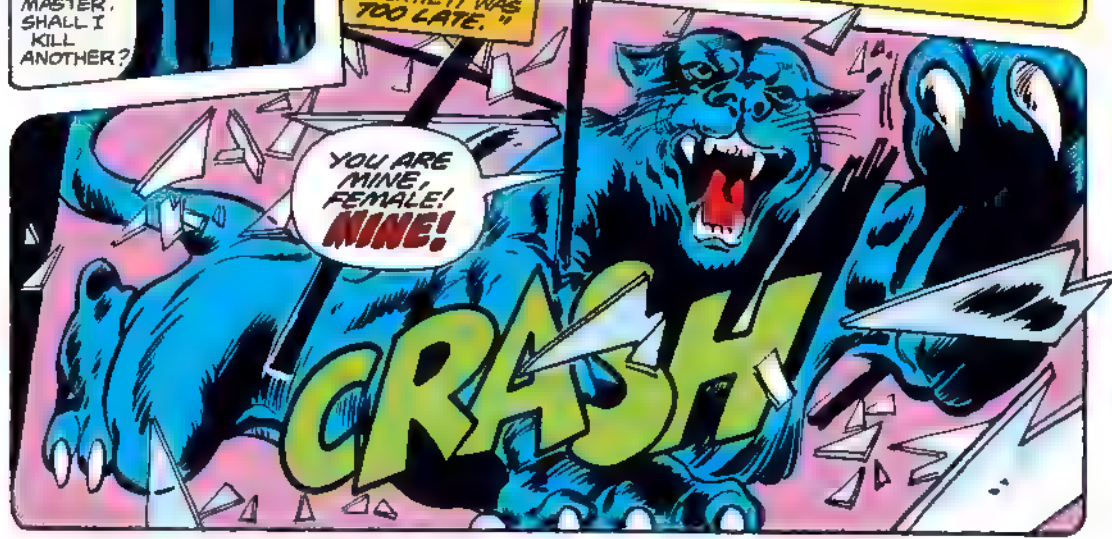
I-I'M **SORRY**, MASTER. SHALL I KILL ANOTHER?



"NO, **SERVILE** CRETIN. I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY IT IS DONE."

"THE HOURS HAD PASSED AND THE MANSION WAS **QUIET**. ONLY THE LOW MOAN-OF THE RUSTLING DRAPES COULD BE HEARD..."

"...UNTIL IT WAS **TOO LATE**."



YOU ARE **MINE**, **FEMALE**! **MINE!**

CRASH!



SIR...

I HEARD IT, FRANK. LET'S GO.



THAT CRASH CAME FROM AURORA'S ROOM.



LOCKED? BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME... NOT A MASTER OF THE MARTIAL ARTS!



NOT ONE WHOSE HANDS CAN SHATTER STONE!

SNAP!



LOOK, FRANK-- THE CAT!

THEN IT'S TRUE... MY INVESTIGATIONS WERE RIGHT!

SATAN'S RETURNED TO EARTH!

BUT NOT FOR LONG, FELINE DEVIL!



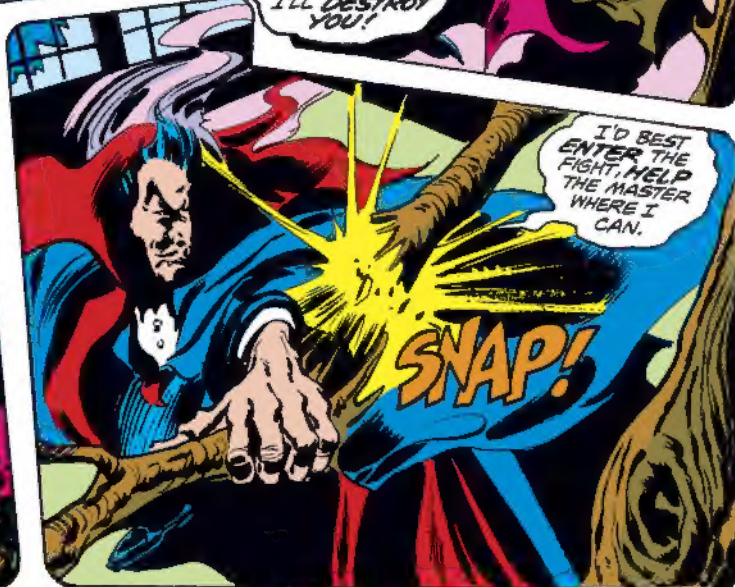
CURSE YOU, HAROLD. MY GREATEST FOE. I'LL DESTROY YOU!



"THE FIGHT WAS A TERRIBLE ONE, FRAUGHT WITH OUR AGONIZING CRIES, MIXED WITH OUR BLOOD SPILLING OVER US BOTH. BUT I HELD MY GROUND, EVEN AGAINST THIS FANTASTIC EVIL FROM THE DEEPEST BOWELS OF HELL ITSELF."

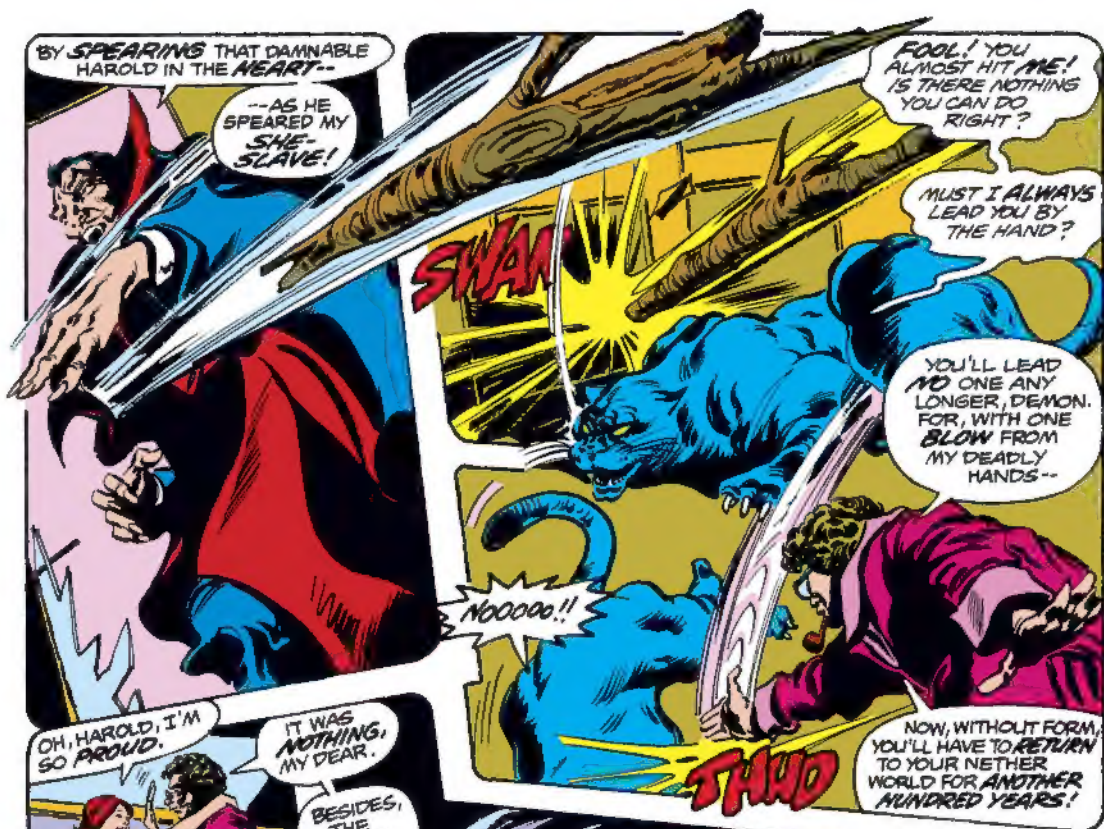
"RUSHED WITH A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH, I TORE INTO THE BEAST, NOT AWARE OF WHAT FLOATED SILENTLY BEHIND ME."

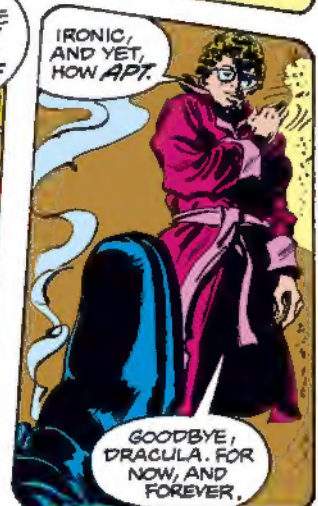
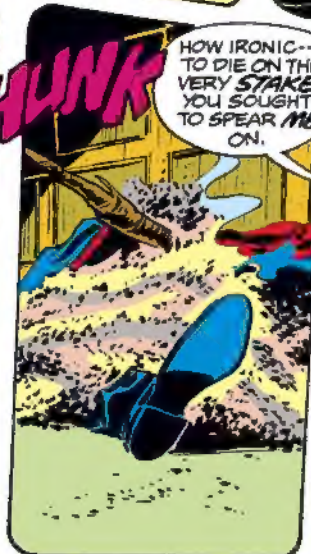
THE MASTER'S LOSING TO THAT CURSED MORTAL.



I'D BEST ENTER THE FIGHT, HELP THE MASTER WHERE I CAN.

SNAP!





IT'S GOING UP LIKE DRY **TINDER**, SIR. HELLION HOUSE IS **GONE!**

I'VE LOST A MANSION, BUT AT LEAST I HAVE **YOU**, HAROLD. AT LEAST I HAVE **YOU**.

"AND AS THE FINAL EMBERS DIED, WE TURNED AND **WALKED** AWAY FROM THE HORROR THAT WAS ONCE HELLION HOUSE, CONFIDENT THAT THE "HAROLD SUPERNATURAL SLAYERS" HAD SUCCEEDED ONCE MORE."

RRRAATCH!

"THE END," BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! ALL DEATHLESS PROSE!

NOW I'D BETTER **MAIL** THIS MASTER-PIECE.

GEE, I WONDER WHO THEY'LL GET TO PLAY **ME** IN THE MOVIE VERSION?

REDFORD? NEWMAN? **BRANDO!** HE'D BE PERFECT. SEETHING, RAW POWER, YET A SWEETLY MYSTERIOUS AND TENDER SOUL.

YEAH, **BRANDO** IT IS.

HUH? DO MY **EYES** DECIEVE ME? AURORA? IS THAT YOU, AURORA RABINOWITZ, LIGHT OF MY LIFE, OBJECT OF MY **DREAMS**?

OH, IS THAT **YOU**, HAROLD?

AURORA, YOU LUCKY GIRL, I JUST MADE YOU THE **HEROINE** OF MY LATEST NOVEL. YOU'RE A **STAR**, KID.

WANNA HEAR WHAT IT'S ABOUT? MAYBE OVER DINNER? A **MOVIE**?

GOSH, HAROLD, I REALLY **DON'T** THINK SO. I'M **BUSY** TONIGHT.

HEY, BABY. I'M **HERE!** C'MON!

BYE, HAROLD, NICE **SEEING** YOU!

"AND SO, AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST, OUR HERO **PAUSES** IN BITTER SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

"AS THEY **ALWAYS** SAY-- THE NICE GUYS REALLY **DO** FINISH LAST!"

THE END!

NEXT ISSUE

FOREVER MAN!